

Sitting Bull Rally – Feb 2018 by Peter Kime

Inverloch is nice part of the world on the eastern side of Victoria. Depending on which part of Melbourne you choose to reside (this is the suburbs, not the boondocks where some hardy souls live) it can only take 2 to 3 hours to get there. To get there it is a pain getting through suburbia. Depending on the road you travel once you get past Cranbourne and on the Bass Highway it is a pleasant run along the coast to Inverloch. If you like a bit of adventure and a few twisty bits get of the great Monash carpark just past Pakenham and you will be rewarded with some pleasant riding roads, hold your nose as you go past the asparagus farms.

You pull into the motel on the outskirts of Inverloch to be greeted by Jackie and Peter the friendly proprietors of the motel and of course by the smiling face and thumbs up from our convivial host Noel Thornby. Always ready for a ride Noel is keen to talk about his plans for the weekend. As usual Noel has planned it with Military precision and has all the supplies ready, including some meat patties prepared by his wife that were a firm favorite with everyone.

Had a great line up members attending, 15 bikes and 16 people. Good to see 5 Springfield's getting the dust out of their exhausts.

Members attending were –

Phil Pilgrim – Vindian, Chris Horner – 44 Chief Bobber, George Fitzpatrick – 44 Chief Civilian, Peter Kime – 35 Chief, Noel Thornby – 46 Chief, Owen Jones – R100 BMW, Lance Millard – Polaris Chief, David Wallace – Polaris Scout, Sandy Barthlemie – Polaris Scout, Mark Barthelmie – Polaris Chief Bobber, Roger and Anne Biddlestone – Polaris Scout, Phil White – Drifter and BSA A10 Big Valve, John Fontenalla – sharing the riding with Phil White's bikes, John Cato – Polaris Chief, Noel mates John Burke on Noel's Indian 111, Cameron on a Polaris Scout and Steve driving the back up vehicle.

We had taken all but one of the motel's rooms; a lovely German couple that had stopped at Inverloch for a look around occupied Room 10. They loved the Indians and I explained to them that we will not be too noisy and would be leaving the area about 9:30 in the morning. Did invite them over to our BBQ for a drink in the evening which they politely declined, I forgot to explain that it could get a bit noisy during after dinner drinks which could last until late at night. Friday night was good, BBQ went well and numerous bottles of liquid refreshment were better. The stories and yarns from around the table made for an enjoyable night, good blokes, nice wine and a ringside view of the range of Indians parked out the front of the motel rooms. Had a couple of late arrivals with Mark and Sandy and Roger and Anne arriving well after sun down and still had some food on the BBQ to feed them.

Saturday arrived with a few headaches which were promptly sorted out of a magnificent BBQ breakfast looked after by Phil Pilgrim and Lance Millard. Noel turned up promptly at 8:30 and organized us out the front for the photo shoot. The weather was perfect for riding; a possible shower in the afternoon did not put any one off. Noel grouped everyone together and we stuck out at a pace that was OK for both old and new Indians. The planned morning tea was at Yanakie we all enjoyed the ride through the pleasant traffic free roads through Tarwin, Buffalo, and Fish Creek and into Yanakie at the entrance to Wilsons Prom. While everyone hoped into a decent cup of coffee some of the older Indians had to get their own refreshment 100yds down the road at the local servo (never pass a service station). After all tanks were filled one end and some emptied the other end we packed up and headed towards the Prom.

Really great roads, slightly windy and undulating with great view no matter which way you looked. We only went as far as Whiskey Bay, a rather sharp right hand turn into a small car park. The car park was half full, 1 couple sitting beside their van having breakfast (still in bathers, looked like they had been for a swim.) As we all jockeyed for a parking spot some of us had to park next to a Commodore station

wagon that had a few arms and legs in the back seat promptly covering up. Having had a photo opportunity and a look out of the bay we saddled up again and headed up the way we came (views are just as good in reverse.) with a planned fuel stop at Yanakie.

From Yanakie it was a delightful ride towards Toora where we were to be treated to a good old fashioned pub meal. Again the roads were great and the slight shower of rain we ran into was not enough to warrant wet weather gear. Once at the pub some opted to sit inside to have their meal and half of us sat outside under the verandah. Opposite the pub was a park that had gum trees full of cockatoos all flying in out of the trees screeching their heads off. Someone said they were doing this because there may be a storm coming, others thought it was Phillip White's bad jokes setting them off.

The meals were large and filling and we sat back relaxed and watched the rain get a bit heavier. Just before we saddled up Phil and John said they would head straight back to Inverloch while Noel took us up the road to do a circuit around the local wind farm and then back via Foster North and Fish Creek. By this time the rain had stopped and the roads were dry. Some of the roads were superb for even the old Indians, some great slow corners and a few hills to tackle and hardly a car on the road. The views around this area are fantastic, the country side is green and the undulating hills give some great views. Once we got back to Inverloch we all unanimously voted to steer clear of Fish Creek again. The road into Fish Creek was heavy gravel for about 2ks as they were preparing to do the road, caused a few white knuckles as we held onto the handle bars to keep the bikes in a straight line. Once at Fish Creek the roads in the town, while being bitumen had some pot holes that could swallow a car, the bouncing around of a rigid rear end caused my kidneys to try and escape out my mouth, worst luck was the next pot hole caused my jaw to chomp down on the kidney causing severe watering of the eyes and a few muffled crow calls. The finish us of the road out was recently graded dirt, not as bad as the gravel but it kept your attention for the next 2 klms.

Back at the motel we had worn of our lunch and looking forward to dinner and some more refreshments. It was going to be a walking bus into Inverloch and a stagger home. Some of the older folk decided getting driven into town was a better idea. The enticing thing about where we were going was the name of the place we were going to – THE BAYSIDE LADY. Now didn't this conjure up some mental thoughts of what we were in for! As it turned out it was the local pizza shop, even though they did not have the air conditioner on we sweated it out and enjoyed a great feed of pizza, beer and wine.

We had a raffle while waiting for the meal to digest, a very nice open face helmet kindly donated by Indian Motorcycles, a Indian Whiskey Flask, Indian Head and a very fancy Indian ashtray donated by Mark Barthelmie from Zorro's. The helmet was won by Owen Jones, Chris Horner won the whiskey flask and promptly donated it to Noel with thanks for his efforts in planning a great day, the Indian head was won by John and the ash tray was won by Roger Biddlestone who expressed his plans to paint the Indian head and logo on the motif on the ash tray.

Then back to the motel for more wine and a chat outside the motel rooms. All in all it was a great day, many thanks to Noel Thornby for organizing another great week end and some riding that was easy on the bikes and through some beautiful countryside.

Sunday morning was looking like it was going to be another nice day, bit of cloud but no sign of rain.

Phil and Lance were again at the BBQ and a bacon and egg sandwich was a great way to start the day. Special thanks to Phil and Lance, did a great job cooking and without them some of us would have starved.

A few of us had to pack up and head back to town so we missed the short run Noel had planned.

Phil Pilgrim, Lance, Mark and Sandy stayed back and went on a short run with Noel. Phil has noted below where they went.

The next morning was a short ride covering similar roads to the previous day, after a bit of consideration I decided not to wear any waterproofs to ensure it would rain, needless to say it did but it was only a shower, unfortunately our numbers were down as some returned home early but a 90km short run with a morning tea break had us all back at the Motel by 11-45 AM.

At this point I must congratulate Noel Thornby for a great weekend and the camaraderie of our Association I have never seen this in any club I have ever been a member in. Last year Phillip White generously donated the Indian leather jacket he won in the raffle to Noel Thornby and this year Owen Jones donated the Indian helmet he won to the prez Pete Kime, it makes me proud to be associated with people of this caliber and the support we are getting regularly now to these events makes it all worth while